We talk of the Goncourts:

"According to what I have been able to verify," says Jacques Blanche, "nothing is less true than their journals. Of certain conversations in which I took part, which I remembered perfectly, I was sure of finding in their journals only the least noteworthy bits, and even then often completely falsified. I assure you, Gide, that they didn't know how to listen. There is a paragraph in which they speak of my father and me~ why, it's ridiculous; they misunderstood everything. . . . Listen: I remember a wonderful dinner I enjoyed with my father, Edmoncl cle Goneourt, and Sarelou. Sardou was in such good form that he was staggering, dazzling; he talked, during almost the whole dinner, about the French Revolution; Goneourt didn't say anything, but kept making indignant gestures at my father; he scorned to be saying: 'Just listen to him! Just listen to him!' That evening we took Goucourt home in our carnage as we often did. As soon as we had left Sardou, Goneourt began: "No! But did you hear him? . . . And he dares to relate, in front of *me,* Goneourt, the historian of the Revolution, me who —But it was teeming with errors. , , / And I am certain," added Blanche, "that Goneourt was the one who was wrong; that Surdou was just as well informed as he about the period; and that Goneourt's annoyance came from the fact that Sardou eclipsed him. For at one moment in the dinner, Goneourt having attempted to contradict, Sardou had immediately 'nailed' him like an unprepared pupil. He didn't know how to listen. He didn't understand what was interesting. For instance, I have seen him with Princess Mathikle. The Princess was an astonishing woman; one of the most remarkable dramas I have ever witnessed was going on within and around her. That woman was in love with Popelin, wildly in love; she dreamed, as a way of avoiding a misalliance, of a sort of legitimate

concubinage, with all the obligations and all the fidelities of marriage. My father and Goneourt were the only ones she took into her confidence. . . . Well, Goneourt saw nothing, felt nothing, understood nothing in all this; and despite the fact that everything was told him! He was not at all intelligent."

"But," I say, "the words that he puts into the mouths of various people, however false they may be according to you, are almost never uninteresting. Walch out, for the more you reduce his stature as a stenographer, the greater you make him as a writer, as a creator, . . /'

Then we talk of Hugo and, at Blanche's urging, I recite to him several passages from the *Contemplations* and the *L6gende des sMes;* but I recite very badly and with a choking voice because he repeated to me a few minutes before the remark of (? — Henri de R6gnier I suppose): "Gide does not like poetry/* And I couldn't have proved this more conclusively if I had aimed to do so.

Dinner at the Charles Gides[?]. Returning home from dinner, irritated